

Were gently laid upon his sultry brow,  
He faintly said, "what sad endearments cling,  
Beloved Bertha, to that wedding ring.  
Remember that the jewel once was mine—  
It was thy mother's—and it now is thine—  
Rinaldo bound it on thine infant hand.  
It proves thy title to the Baron's land.  
The Baron and his son may God forgive,  
And long and happy may my Bertha live!  
I have a message for thy husband's ear,  
Which others, my dear Bertha, need not hear,  
Good Friedenfeld I trust to thee alone,  
What for thy Bertha's sake were best unknown.  
The day I took Almira for my wife,  
Was the most terrible of all my life.  
A letter on my wedding pillow placed,  
'Told me Almira was a thing disgraced.  
She of whose love I deemed myself so sure—  
Affection's crystal mirror chaste and pure,  
Sweeter than the sweet lily of the shade,  
Purer than the pure dew drop on the blade—  
She who was the brightness of the sun's beam,  
The simple candor of the limpid stream,  
I thought her heart was chastity's own cell,  
It was a thing as false and foul as hell!—  
'Twas then in bitterness of heart I swore  
Never, oh never, to love woman more!  
The fiend that on my beauteous lily trod,  
Fell blasted by the lightning of his God—"  
He sighed—The Hermit of the Alps expired;  
And Bertha with her Friedenfeld retired.